NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1894.—COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

## RECRUITS' SCHOOL TO GO.

THE DEPOT AT DAVID'S ISLAND TO BECOME A MILITARY POST SOON.

The Recruit's Early Training - An Ordeal in the Way of Being Chaffed and Joilled by the Veterans-Pleasant Quarters and Good Fare The Awkward Squad, Fatigue and Sentry Duty, and Recreation.

By order of the Secretary of War the recruiting depot at David's Island is to become a permanent military post and a recruiting renderat their gullstment will be kept at David's Island not longer than a week or ten days. They will then be sent wherever they are most needed. This radical change in the recruiting system does away with the three months' training which recruits have undergone at David's Island before they were assigned to actual service. Henceforth they will get their military training in the regiments to which they are assigned.

The change likewise marks another era in the interesting history of David's Island. Many years ago the island belonged to Farmer David. In the early days of the war it was a rendezvous for the gathering of troops to send South. Later it was transformed into a great military hospital, and finally it was made a depot for the in-struction of raw recruits. Now it is to become a large and important military post.
Yesterday a Sux reporter visited David's Isl-

and to learn something about the life which has been officially ended and will be preserved in legend and story by thousands of young fellow in Uncle Sam's army.



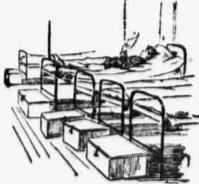
RECRUITS. The life of the recruit before he joins his regiment is interesting. Take the case of four young men in sore need of that glance of human sympathy which can be best given by the young girl in her first ball dress. They were standing on the deck of the General Meigs at Pier 3, North River, and they were glancing first at ene another and then at their own new blue clothes and bright brass but-tons. They fussed and fidgeted about like fish on the beach, and, perhaps, swore as

they listened to the follying criticisms of a balf force other men, who were uniforms of the same pattern, but not so bright and clean. Not the least of the discomforts was caused by a tightly rolled blue blanket which each carried, Is seemed as big as a bale of hay to them, and was shifted from one hand to another with a nervousness which indicated that the owner would be glad to throw it overboard.

At a frontier military jost these four young nea would be called "shavetalls;" on Uncle Sam's books they are called recruits. They have lately joined his infantry service for a three years' term and are on their way to David's Island. They have come from different calisting offices in the East. One is from Hurrisburg, where the examinations are said to be ently easy; another is from Baltimore, and two have signed papers at the Government office on the Bowery, the largest culisting office in the United States. If they had sought mounted service they would have gone to Jefferson Barracks, or if they had been culisted in a Middle Western State they would have gone to Columbus Barracks. They are glad they callsted in the East, because they have rightly learned that at David's Island is the best depot for the instruction of raw army recruits.

They expect to take a three months' course of sprouts, then be classed as thoroughbred soldiers in Uncle Sam's army of 25,000 men, before they are transferred where they are most needed. Why does a man enlist in the army, and what does he expect from the service? common belief that it is a life not to be costred by an ambitious young man, and one offering lew opportunities for material advancement. What did those young fellows think about it?

Well," said one, who seemed to have had more experience with fite than the others, "you sect was this way. I was accking in a rolling mil in Harrisburg and getting along profity well, leaking my little two and a half a day. when the mill shots down last fall, see, and I couldn't get no other job. I tried everywhere. but the bosses all says the times are too hard to hire new help and are going to get harder until them follows in Washington does semathing. I managed some way to keep niive all sinter by berrowing a little money from my friends and doing a few little jobs to sam 50 cents or a dollar at a time, but I couldn't berrow no more finally, and then, say well, it was tough to keep alive without stealing. This immure I but they work enough from a market. summer I got just work enough from a market



IN THE DORMITORY. dener to feed me, and then when business whack and the most of his summer truck is discipled and the most of his summer truck is discipled and the feed of rustin around, as times ain't likely to get no better I enter the state of the state of the feed of the

In three years' time maybe the country will be all right again."
This argument seemed reasonably clear. Another argument offered was very much like it. The third man was a young German. He had known something about the military life in his own country, and had enlisted with Uncle Sam's arm; "just because he wanted to be a soldier." The fourth man's temper had been disturbed by the follying of the old army dogs leaning against the rail. He said that it was none of the indirers damn business why he called.

The joliying was worth hearing. It was not that refusement of wit which found place in the Paris salons of Mme. De Stael's time, but it seemingly hit the mark intended.

"Into on to the bloody shavetails." said one of the old "sogers" to the other in a loud voice. Say, won't the aline go off these buttons when the couch unkes that duck get down and weed the outen bed."

to be you."

The was an anxious consultation between
why enlisted men, and one was overheard
to the others that he would see himself in
mer climate before he would do anything

y shut one of the shavetails in the guard or thirty days this morning for not putough polish on the sergeant's boots."

In good off dead easy, " said another threeveteran. "I remember the time when
not thirty lashes for forgetting to wash
whel's pug dog.

They are recruitsput their heads together,
you and barrel yourselves up, said one
to the veterans. They never told us
take that at the enlisting offices,
thurse they didn't. They know a green
as soon as he comes into the office,"
here was a loud laugh in which the
lied did not fold.

there was a loud language which is to line did not join.

Toiling-mill man from Harrishurg shock follows a sunt frame, and said that he could also sole, two, three, or four men who have a subser, it is a subser, if y days in the guard house for threatendant your superior," said the veteras, sulling-mill man was finally called off by

his companions in distress. They told him that they would see what rights they had after they got to the island.

In the meanwhile the General Meigs was moving lazily along by the wooded islands and inviting inlets of the Sound.

After a three-hour ride, the anxious gaze of the recruits rested upon a long egg-shaped island, once the property of Farmer David. It lies a half mile to the east of New Rochelle and a few miles away from Execution Light, so named because tapt. Kidd lost his temperat that place and executed one of his lieutenants who refused in divide the results of a buccancering tour. The well-marked channel of the steamers is on the right, and to the north and east is the Sound, gleaming in the hot sunshine and specked white with sailing craft. No "shavetall" could wish a more delightful site for his first instruction in the art of war, and as these four recruits draw near to what they expect will be their new home, for they have not heard of the recent order, their eyes brighten, and for a time they doubtless forget the terrifying suggestions of the older fellows.



When the boat rests they are again reminded of their existence. They see, first of all, twenty or more new recruits dressed in heavy brown canvas jungers waiting like stevedores to carry away the ashes of the steamer's furnaces. These working uniforms give the appearance of convicts to the men. At the close of the last war there was left in the hands of the Government a great let of unused brown canvas that had been purchased to make into shelter tents—enough to furnish an awaing for the State of Delaware. With his customary ingenious parsimony in dealing with military affairs. Uncle Sam decreed that this waste of cloth should be made into jumpers for his protectors. There is yet enough left to supply another army. It is almost as tough as builet-proof cloth, and like the blue iseans of Indiana. "It never wears out." The recruits stand about on the dock like so many avexward boys until a Lieutenant smiles pleasantly and tells them to follow him. They fall in by twos and are led at a quick pace down a lane overhung by towering maple trees and to a brown-painted frame building, where they catch their first glimpse of army life. It is a pleasant glimpse, at that. Through a broad veranda they look into a room and see groups of men reading. The sides of the room are covered with shelves of books, and about are tables with all the latest pericdicals.

The newvomers are briefly told to leave their papers and report to the resident surgeon for an examination later. Then they are taken to the quarters of the company to which they will belong, and here they suffer another inquisition of follying from a hundred men who may be off duty and resiling on their from bedsteads. Very much of the recruit's future peace of mind depends upon his willingness to take this fund in the right spirit. Like the freshman at college, he must know how to give and take if he expects to find any pleasure in his brief stay at the island.

There is he hazing: that was done away with years ago. At one time a brand-new recruit at a depoir had to s THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

three months.

This same officer when transferred to a regiment least his stripes and again becomes a private. He must earn his way to office again by competing with some of the old fellows who may have been under him at David's Island. This is one of the fortunes of army life.



The four recraits find themselves in quarters very much better than some of them are used to, and far better than any expected. There are four companies, each quartered in a long two-story bries building, surmounted at the corner by an unity triangular tower. Through a long, well-lighted from are two lines of tron bedsteads, and at the tost of cach is a square box in which the soldier stores his personal belongings. His uniform hangs at the head of the bed, and around it there may be a few old colored photographs of popular actresses, or a few trinkets to suit the fancy of the man whose card hangs on the bed. The room fairly shines with cleanliness and sinelis of the green vines that climb the brief walls and the well-cared-for flowers on the laws.

Besides the quarters there are the usual buildings of an army post, the hospital at the foot of the island, the Post Office, the laindry, the offices of the commandant, Col. Cook, and the adjutant, Licut, W. O. Clarke, the club, the tailor, shoemaker, and blacksmith shops, and finally, but not of least importance, the post canteen.

The recruits receive copies of the rules of

finally, but not of least importance, the post canteen.

The recruits receive copies of the rules of the army, and are told to report on the following day for the physician's examination. They are given to understand that life will be made easy for them until they learn a few of the first ropes. They are turned over to the sergeant of their company for first instructions, and, as may be fancied, this job is no since ure for the officer. The new men first of all catch on to the meaning of the supper busic call at 3-30 octoes. One explanation is efough. They awkwardly file out of quarters and on to the red brick walks along the broad and beautiful parade grounds. They drop in behind the one, two, or three months' veterans and into the mess room, where they find themselves among 400 men. There is a clattering of knives and forks and a grinding sound as a big car leaded with food and drink is wheeled from the kitchen, whirled about on a turntable, and pushed down the room on a narrow from track. This is the bill of fare for to-day:

Baked hash. Rread and butter.
Coffee.
DISNES.
Tomato soup.
Roast year with gravy. Steamed polatoes.
Macaroni. Plum pudding with temon sauce.
Bread. Coffee.

Stewed prines, Crackers, Cheese, Broad, Coffee,

Stewed primes Urackers. Cheesa.

Bircal. Coffee.

There is soup and meat with every dinner.
The kitchen and dining room are in charge of Sergeant Alexander, a bright young recruit of two years survice. After supper the recruits leaf shout in the library, the symmaslum, or on the parade ground until "taps." At 11 oricek they are in bed. In the morning their instruction begins in carnest.

The sergeant takes them away to one corner of the parade ground and lectures them on the appearance and carriage of a soldier. He shows them how to throw back their rounded shoulders, how to carry their arms, and how to walk. It takes a long time to teach a recruit the art of waking, and it may be months before he will show satisfactory results in this line. The development of the physique is held to be of the greatest importance in the training of a soldier, and new suggestions in this line are constantly received. In the symmasium may be found every form of device in the way of calisthenics. The improvement in a short while is very marked. The men seem to grow taker and hour, when they return to their quarters and recover another lesson in the inschools of rolling up their bedding and caring for their quarters.

At 11 o'clock the instruction is resumed on the parade ground, or in the drill room if the weather is bad. The work of this sax ward squad comes first. The work of this sax ward squad

is often very funny. Not long ago a brand-new recruit was placed along with several others who had been drilled some time.

This recruit moved about restlessly and kept a few inches out of the line.

"Dress up," called the sergeant to the man. The recruit looked down at his shoes and at his trousers.

"Dress up, What's the matter with you? What are you looking at?"

"I was only looking to see if I was dressed," was the innocent reply of Unite Sam's new boy. The next stage of instruction is in the movementa, marching, facing, and the others, and after this is finished, in three weeks' time, if the recruit is at all prodicent, he is placed in charge of a musket and told how to use it. In the meanwhile he atudies the manual and is instructed in the discipline of army life.

One of the first practical lessons in the latter course occurred to the four newcomers when they saw two shame-faced young fellows march in the measroom between four soidlers with loaded muskets and eat their supper under guard. They were deserters, and will probably spend a few years in a Government prison, regretting that they left so soft a thing as life on David's Island.

The first aim of the Government in its policy of training recruits for service is to encourage the men to maintain their self-respect. The splendid improvement of the service in recent years is traceable to more careful regard in the choice of men than in former days and better and more judicious treatment by the officers. The men are taught to work, since work must be done, but they are not turned into lackeys and servants.

The four recruits will soon be ordered to report for fatigue duty, the last batch to be ordered out for that purpose. They will then be relieved from drill for a day or so at a time and will be sent out, under charge to do certain kinds of labor, They will care for the garden, clean the parade ground and walks, unload wood or coal, or perform other general work, but will not do mental work—nothing that a self-respecting man would hesitate to do.

Per



At the end of a month a recruit with ordinary intelligence ought to be ready to take his place in the evening dress parade. For weeks he has been one of the awkward squad that is called out at each sunset to witness this pretty sight. His ambitions are realized only when he is drilled so that he can keep in the line without throwing it out. Then he considers himself as good as any of them.

A question often asked is, What nationality contributes the best soldiers? At least one-half of the recruits, to begin with, are foreigners. This is because military life is imbued in the foreigner to a certain degree, and he takes to the associations as a duck takes to water. Then there are certain advantages apparent to the newly arrived one. He comes to America to make his fortune, but he is without work. He may enter the army, get a good living, and during his three years' service become acquainted with the ways and institutions of the United States. Under the law he must know the English language and declare his intention to become a citizen before he can callst, but these requirements are not difficult.

The officers say that the tiermans are the best soldiers. They are better educated and take more readily to the discipline and forms of military life. Many Swedes enter the service, fewer Frenchmen, and still fewer Englishmen.

One of the characters at David's Island is a smart young Irishman who served years in the English army and was in campaigns in Egypt and India. Joe Metiorian sings dances, writes poetry, and tells most maryellous tales of hair-treadth escauses for the authenent of his com-

English army and was in campaigns in Egypt and India. Joe Metiorian sings, dances, writes poetry, and tells most maryellous tales of harroreadth escapes for the antisement of his conrades. The officers call him Fileson-Parade, because he seems akin to the soldier character which Mr. Kipling has so deftly drawn. He will be greatly missed for he has been several years at David's Island. There is no lack of amusement on the island. Many of the recruits play musical instruments and give amateur concerts. Then, of course, there is the canteen, and a popular place it is. In the rooms are billiard, pool, and card tables, and a long bar where in hot weather the beer flows in a white and brown atream and with a musical sound. Drunkenness in the army at David's Island has never been common enough to demand unusual measures of prevention. The recruit is permitted to leave the island on a pass after he has been there a few months and when he wishes to put money into circulation in New York. The only restriction is when privileges are abused.



It is small wonder that at the end of three months, we new recruit exhausts all his ingenue, to stay there. He plays sick so that he can expethe first draft, or he courte the favor of the others to get a "puil." He may not be familiar with all of the geography of the United States, but he knows that David's Island is a very much more delightful place for living than a poat in one of the far Western States, where he would be forced to travel several hundred miles to get any fun for his money.

Under the new order of the Secretary of War it will be difficult for the recruit to get much of a pull with the officers during his limited stay at David's Island, but he will remain long enough to learn that he is at one of the most desirable military posts in the country.

George W. Allen's Will.

Pursuant to an order granted by Justice Beach of the Supreme Court, directing the receiver of the Stuyvesant Safe Deposit Company to examine a package of papers deposited in the amine a package of papers deposited in the vaults in the name of George W. Allen, the package was opened yesterday. The will of Mr. Allen was found and taken to the office of the Surrogate and filed for probate. The will was executed on May 12, 1894. It appoints the teatator's son, George W. Allen, and his friend Elwood Smith, to whom he makes a bequest of \$150, executors. The son is named as a residuary legates.

Goy. Brown to Pardon the Coxeyites. BALTIMORE, Aug. 18. - At a conference to-day

between Gov. Brown, Attorney-General Poe, and counsel for the 100 imprisoned Coxeyites and counser for the too imprisoned coverties it was agreed that the Governor would pardon all excepting Christopher Columbus Jones and "Marshal" McKee, who will be held to test the right of the State to take the "army" from their succampment and imprison them without trial. Jones and McKee refused to accept the pardon offered by the trovernor conditioned upon their leaving the State.

Beath of a Centenarian. LITTLE FALLS. N. Y., Aug. 18.—Polly Dygert of Rion, aged 100 years, the oldest woman in Herkimer county, is dead.

SUN CURE FOR BALD HEADS

MEN TRYING A NEW HAIR RE-STORER IN CENTRAL PARK.

The Theory of Hellepathy Is that Hatr May Be Brought Back by Exposing the Poll to the Sun-Some Experimenters Think that the Cure Has Been Success. ful in Their Cases-Others Are Incurable,

Two physicians strolling in Central Park the other merning were chatting about Oriental countries, in which they both have travelled, when one of them remarked:

"But you needn't go to India to see fire wor-

shippers; we've lots of them right in New York, and as ardent in their devotions as any Parsee. They meet in the park every day, and this i about the hour of worship. Come along and have a peep at them."

It was shortly after 11 o'clock, and a very hot morning. When the medical men reached the Mail they turned into a narrow path which for some distance is unsheltered from the sun. Here they came upon a man walking slowly, with bared head. As he moved along with measured tread he held before him a newspaper,



WAITING FOR THE CHOP TO GROW

which he was reading with evident enjoyment, despite the fact that the top of his head, devoid of hair, fairly glistened in the rays of the Now and then he paused and passed one hand tenderly over the bald space.

"That's one of the sun worshippers," said the Doctor, who was leading the way. "Though he turns his back on Sol, he is invoking the sun's favor all the same with the fervor of old Zoroaster himself. I scraped up an acquaintance with him the other day, and he told me all about it. He is a firm believer in the efficacy of sunshine as a hair restorer, and is only one of a large number of people who believe the same thing. There must be at least fifty men, young and old, who come to the Park every bright day, and bathe their more or less hairless polls in sunshine. There's a group of them over there on that bench "

Seated side by side, and occupying the entire bench, were three men, their bared heads ranged in a nearly even line. Each presented a different stage of baldness. Viewed from the rear, they appeared to be men well on in years, but a glance at their faces showed that none

but a glance at their faces showed that none had passed middle age. They were chatting pleasantly, and gave no heed to passers-by who amiled at the array of shining domes.

"Most people put these men down as cranks," said the medical man, "but that is a big mistake. Many of them have already proved to their own satisfaction the power of the sun as a hair restorer. What the sun has done once, they say, it can do again. They admit, however, that hair whose growth has been forced in



this way is like the hot-house plant, very delicate, and its life can be preserved only by the most careful nursing, liberal and most frequent doses of sunshine being the best tonic.

"The theory of heliopathy is by no means unreasonable, as it is presented by its votaries. You know that hair in its mechanical aspect may be regarded as a condensed form of cuticle. Each hair originates in the cellular membrane of the skin from a small builbous root, which by its vessels connects with what we call the chorion, in which it is imbedded. In baild heads this built, through defective circulation of the blood, has ceased to put forth shoots of hair, and needs some extraneous force to restore its functions—a force that contains the quintessence of the life principle, electricity. Such a force is sunlight. When the heliopathists wax poetic this is how they talk: 'All nature is dependent upon the smiles of the orb of day. Without fresh air and sunlight vegetation would cease. The forget-me-not by the streamlet's side would droop and die, and the mighty oak would wither and crumble. As grass needs sunlight to make it grow, so does human hair require the same vivifying influence—that is, hair which won't grow any other way."

"I met a man last week who said he had for two years been a disciple of the sun cure. He took off his hat and displayed a head thinly covered with hair. 'Hefore I joined the congregation of sun worshippers, 'said he, 'I could feel the full force of the Scriptural declaration, that the hairs of your head are numbered. Look at



APTER. BEFORE.

me now. This head, which two years ago was a hahars of baldness, is transformed into a knoll of capillary invuriance. You'd have hard work counting them now, eh! he added proudly. 'I tell you it is the greatest thing in his world, and it doesn't cost a cent. Before I became acquainted with nature's great hair restorer I sequandered all my spare money on patent medicines guaranteed to make hair grow where none grew before, but always with the same resultional and humiliating failure. But look at this,' again defing his hat and running his fingers through his meagre socks. 'Why, I have regained my old popularity with the tadies.'

Continuing their walk, the doctors met a sun worshipper here and there. One might suppose that considerable pluck was needed to hare one's hald pate to the vuigar gase and go walking through the Park, especially since the object of the proceeding is no longer a secret. Bit the ardent desire for hair is sufficient to offset anseers. There is one man who attracts more attention than all the real. He has a particularly long, hald lead, and, being sensitive, he has invented a means by which he can court the favor

of the sun and at the same time keep his hat on. This is accomplished by simply wearing a Derby from which the top of the crown has been cut out. He is very proud of this invention, and several of his fellow baid heads are about to follow his example. Some of them urge, as an objection to it, that the hat prevents the free play of air about the head, which is almost as essential in causing the hair to sprout as the supheams.

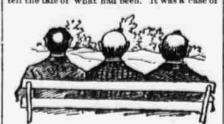
essential in causing the hair to sprout as the sunbeams.

The Man with the Bay Window in His Hat, as he is known in the Park, is something of a philosopher, and has given much thought and study to the subject of hair. The theme has engaged his attention, he said, ever since the morning when, on stooping down in his office to pick up a pin, the pretty typewriter exclaimed:

"Why, Mr.—I You're getting baid."

Since then he has spent hundreds of dollars on alleged hair restorers, none of which ever restored a single hair.

"On the contrary," said he, "every day brought my naked scalp into bolder relief, until finally there was left hardly a vestige of hair to tell the tale of what had been. It was a case of



on a warm morning.

hasty baldness. I had long before given up the nostrums, and begun to study the matter myself, with a view to devising a remedy. But it was a harless—I mean hopeless—task. I read up on the history of hair, but got no comfort, only such tantalizing reminders as this: Achilles haried his hair in the tomb at the funeral of his friend Patroclus; evolution of the tonsure among the holy orders; French peasants sell their hair at 45 francs a pound; how barbers of antiquity shaved the heads of corpses. Not a single word in all the literature on the subject telling how to make hair grow on a bald head. But I'm on the right track now. Just stumbled onto it by the merest accident. I had no faith in the sun cure at first, but with the splendid results I'm getting I've got to believe. See here."

He took off the crownless hat, and pointed out little durk patches on his scalp which proved to be inciplent tuffs of hair.

"How long have you taken the treatment?"

"How months. Come and see me again in two months and you won't know me."

Other believers in heliopathy were questioned, and each had an equally encouraging experience to relate. The carrousel, in the centre of which stands the equestrian statue of Bolivar, is a favorite rendezvous of the bald heads. At midday, when the great Hair Restorer bathes the spot with effulgence, a dozen or more men may be seen on the benches thereabout on sunny mornings. Though some have been courting the solar rays since last summer, their heads show little result in the way of hair, although their sunburned complexions bear witness to their patient wooing. The gossips among the solar rays since last summer, their heads show little result in the way of hair, although their sunburned complexions bear witness to their patient wooing. The gossips among the solar rays since last summer, their heads show little result in the way of hair, although their sunburned complexions bear witness to their patient wooing. The gossips among the sun curists refer to these cases as incursa

SHE SAID THEY WERE MARRIED. Isenbrant Isn't Quite Sure Himself, but He Wants a Divorce Any Way.

Frank Isenbrant, although he admits he does not know that he is a married man, has brought an action in the Supreme Court for an absolute divorce from Emma, called also Belia Isen-brant. They went to College Point to spend Easter Sunday, 1885, and, returning to Flushing, lived together from that time until she

abandoned him.

He declares that she repeatedly informed him that they had gone through a marriage ceremony that Easter Sunday at College Point, and, although he had no recollection of the occurrence, he believed her and continued to live with her as her husband, and held himself out as such. She left his home on the morning of Sept. 30, 1880, with money she had obtained from the sale of his personal effects, and he has not seen her nor heard from her since. Isenbrant's counsel makes affidavit that the woman, on the day she left her husband, went to the Stayvesant Hotel, at Third avenue and Ninth street, with one Henry Sachs, and the next day took a Hudson River boat. Isenbrant says that while he lived with her she was "secretive as to her former home and life and as to who her relatives were," but he had learned that she came from the lake region, near Canada. He accuses her of intimacy with two men in Brooklyn.

Lawrence Burke, employed in the weigher's department of the Custom House, was arrested yesterday on an order of Judge Bischoff of the Court of Common Pleas in an action brought against him by his wife. Sarah, to get a separation on the grounds of crucity and abandonment. He gave the \$200 ball required and was released. with her as her husband, and held himself out

MINNA'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

Her Stepmother Pawned It and Minna Brings Suit for Its Recovery.

Minna Roaner had a quarrel with her stepmother several weeks ago about Minna's engagement ring, and the outcome of it was that Minna was ordered out of the house. She sued her stepmother before Civil Justice Roesch in the Fourth District Court to recover the ring or its value, and this is the story that was told upon

the examination;
The Roaner family reside at 100 Broome street. Minna, who is 18 years old, was courted by Frank Fleisik, and they became engaged. He bought a diamond ring for her at an expense of \$90, and she was very proud of it and wore it only on special occasions. One evening she looked into her bureau drawer for the tring, but could not find it. She began to cry. She says that her stepmother came into her room to inquire what the trouble was, and upon learning that it was about the missing ring, told her that she had pawned it. There was a quarrel, and Minna says she was ordered out of the house. She is now living at 243 Second street. Fletisk supported her testimony, and declared that her stepmother told him that he could have the pawn ticket if he wished to take the ring out of pawn.

Mrs. Roaner conceded having pawned the ring and getting \$40 for it, but she insisted that her stepdaughter knew all about it. She testified that her husband was sick and Minna had given her the ring to pawn in order to raise money, in this she was corroborated by Louis Nedea. Minna declared that this was not so.

Justice Roeach will take a few days to consider the case. \$90, and she was very proud of it and wore it

INCOME OF THE KIP CHILDREN. Justice Beach Grants on Extra Allowance Justice Beach of the Supreme Court has

signed an order directing the United States Trust Company to pay to Mrs. Sarah Ann Kip, the widow of William B. Kip, who died at Rhinebeck on Nov. 2, 1888, out of the incomes standing in the names of her three sons, \$2,741.66 for Henry Spies Kip, and \$1,500 each for William Ruloff Kip and Garret Berg Kip. Mrs. Kip desires to take her children abroad this summer, and she wishes that they should travel in a manner suitable to their fortune and station in life. She thinks the expenses of the trip will amount to about \$4,500, and the additional sum

amount to about \$4,500, and the additional sum will be used to defray expenses which have been incurred by the son, Henry, who is a junior in Yale College, during the past year or more above his yearly allowance.

Mrs. Kip remides with her children at 20 East Forty-eighth street. She says that there is \$50,000 of income belonging to the three boys in the custody of the United States Trust Company. Upon her application the Court in March, 1862, granted each of the boys \$5,000 yearly. A part of their fortune comes from the estate of their father, but the greater part they receive from the estate of Adam W. Spies, who died on May 31, 1861, leaving a residuary estate of about \$3,000,000. One-half of this is vested in the three boys and their sister, Florence Adele Kip, subject to the life interest of their mother, but they are entitled to one-eighth of the net income during the life of their mother. The income of the children is about \$15,000 a year.

Deutsch & Co Fifth Avenue. MONDAY.

Hats & Bonnets, Fall Jackets, Dinner Gowns, White Suits,

Golf Capes,

Separate Skirts.

TWO YEARS A BLANK.

The Singular Case of Young Clarence Burns of Delaware County.

Two years ago this summer a young man Clarence Burns of Delhi, Delaware named county, having completed his freshman's year at Hamilton College, left home to canvass for the sale of a book in northern New York, to earn money for the continuance of his studies. His parents heard from him at Watertown, just two years ago. Hearing nothing from him after that, they became alarmed, and tried to learn his whereabouts, knowing that something must have happened to him. Months of search failed to give them any trace of the missing boy beyond Watertown. He had left his boarding place in that city one morning as usual, and no one could be found who had seen him after

In August, 1803, a young man of pleasing appearance applied to George Millner, a farmer living at Stony Creek, Wentworth county, Ont. for work. He was hired, and when asked his name he seemed dazed and acted as if it was with an effort that he could give it, but finally said it was Burns. He was a good farm hand and soon became a favorite with the Millner family, although there was something strange

and soon became a favorite with the Millner family, although there was something strange and inexplicable about him. He never mentioned whether he had any family, nor referred to where he came from or to any place where he had ever been. On the 2d of the present month, almost a year to a day since he went to work for Farmer Millner, he came from his room early in the morning, and gazed about him in a strange and puzzled way, and at last exclaimed:

"Where am 1? This isn't my home."

Then Farmer Millner learned from the young man that he was the son of William Burns of Dilhi, N. Y. Young Burns wanted to know when he had come from Watertown. Between the time of his having been in that place and his revelation to Millner week before last he had no recollection. Soon after making this revelation the young man fell into his former state again, recognizing his surroundings and apparently forgetting his own home and family again. Farmer Millner wrote to William Burns, and he received the letter a week ago. In company with snother son he went to Stony Creek and found his long and strangely lost boy, Clarence recognized his father and Arthur, but his mind still remained strangely clouded. He was brought home and recognized his family, and seemed glad to be back. He can give no account of the two past years, however. He is in charge of Dr. Holley of Walton, who is of the opinion that the young man's singular condition was brought about by sunstroke, and that he will entirely recover under treatment. The two past years though will forever be a blank to him.

ACCUSED OF BURNING HIS BOAT. Two Legal Actions Result from the Loss of the Flora A. Sawyer.

The steel vessel Kenilworth, commanded by Capt. James G. Baker, and the small 100-ton schooner Flora A. Sawyer, commanded by Capt. Albert Christensen, collided about sixty miles out from Barnegat Light on the night of May 19 last in a heavy fog. The Flora A. Sawyer had aboard a cargo worth \$4,500. Neither the schooner nor her cargo was injured.

The Kenilworth sailed away, leaving all hands aboard the Flora A. Sawyer in a plight. There is a dispute as to whether she had signalled the Kenilworth for assistance. The Sawyer was making water rapidly through the night as the result of the collision, which had also stove in two of her boats. The crew and passengers stuck to the schooner until the morning. They then set fire to the schooner and put off in the two boats that were left intact, taking some water, meat, and bread with them. They say

water, meat, and bread with them. They saw
the schooner go down as they were working
their way off toward Barnegat. After being five
hours in the boats they were picked up by the
schooner Viola Reppard of Boston and were
landed at Hampton Roads.

When they reached this city Capt. Christensen had Capt. Baker arrested under the United
States statutes for not giving assistance to a
sinking vessel. Capt. Haker is out on bail. At
the examination in this case Capt. Baker said:

"She the Flora A. Sawyer) did not want I
should take them off. They did not want I
should know that they were going to set fire to
that vessel for fear I should send a boat aboard
and hold an investigation. That is why there
were no signals."

Capt. Baker said also that no one would take
an insurance risk on the Flora A. Sawyer, and
that she had been burned in order to make the
owners of the Kenilworth responsible for her
loss. He charged that a conspiracy had been
formed for this purpose against the owners of
his vessel.

Capt. Christensen has brought action in the

formed for this purpose against the owners of his vessel.

Capt. Christensen has brought action in the Supreme Court to recover \$25,000 damages from Capt. Baker, declaring that Capt. Baker accused him wrongfully of a crime, that of burning his vessel. Capt. Christensen says that the schooner was burned after consulting with the owner of the schooner, who was aboard, and in order to save shipping from the danger of having the schooner float about, as sho was then in a much travelled part of the ocean.

Capt. Baker has moved before Justice Beach of the Supreme Court to strike out of the complaint the allegation that Capt. Baker had declined assistance to the schooner and other parts of the complaint deemed irrelevant. Justice Beach reserved decision.

Sam Jones at Bound Lake.

ROUND LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 18. Sam Jones, the evangelist, was accorded a flattering reception here last night. A crowd attended that filled the large auditorium from front to rear and packed the sides, the senting capacity being overtaxed and many persons being compelled to overtaxed and many persons being compelled to stand. Dr. Griffin and three other ministers made speeches of webcome, and there was a fine musical programme rendered in his honor.

Mr. Jones lectured to-might and will lecture to-morrow, besides delivering the dedication sermon for the new Methodist thurch at this place. The sermon will be preached in the additionium. He will lecture also on Monday night. The crowds in attendance to-day are about the largest ever known here.

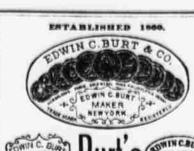
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72 West 23d St.

## SPECIALS

FOR THIS WEEK.

Ladies' Fine Kid Oxfords, Patent Leather Tips . . 82.50 The balance of our Ladies' Russia Leather Oxfords

must be sold; Reduced We are closing out a number of lines of Ladies' Button and Lace High

Shoes at . . . . . . . 84.00 Were \$5.00, \$6.00, and \$7.00. The Last of our Men's Russia Leather Lace

## Shoes, all new goods . . \$4.00 **EDWIN C. BURT & CO.,**

72 West 23d Street.

A MURDERER'S SKELETON. For Thirty Years Knocking Around El-mirs, It Makes a Sensation at Last.

ELMIRA, Aug. 18.-Thirty years ago, while the rebel prison camp was at Elmira, a soldier named Amasa Mulock, who was one of the guard stationed here, was murdered and robbed one night on the outskirts of the city. His murderer was discovered in the person of Henry Gardner. Gardner was convicted and hanged. The hanging was a bungling affair, the victim having to be hanged twice. Gardner had bequeathed his body to Dr. P. H. Flood of this city. The Doctor had it set up, and it was in his office for years. Then the Flood building was torn down, and Gardner's skeleton was stored in a barn. Later it fell to the possession of the Elmira Academy, where it was used to Illustrate lectures on physiology. A

was used to illustrate lectures on physiology. A year or so ago it seems to have served its usefulness at the academy, and it has been hustled about the country, from barn to barn and garret to garret ever since. It has been a street plaything for facilious hoodlums, and a great been to practical Jockers. Nobody seems to know just when it disappeared nor how, but at sometime during the past year the restless skeleton of murderer Gardner dropped entirely out of sight and mind.

On East Hill, in the city limits, there was ence a brewery, or beer tunnel, or something of that sort. There is a reminder of it in the form of an old vault, now much resembling a forgotten cave. The other day some one was noeing around the precincts of East Hill, and thought to explore the cave. In exploring it a skeleton was found. The finder reported the grim discovery to an evening paper, and, assuming that some deed most foul had been committed, the paper startled the town with flaring head lines and columns of theories about the murder, the murderer, the cause of the crime, &c., and called the police down sharply for not having discovered the crime long ago and uncarthed its mystery. Then some one saw the skeleton and recognized it as the town's old friend, the remains of the late Henry Gardner.

NETTING GRASSHOPPERS

Novel Method of Destroying the Insects in a Region Where They Are a Pest.

LAONA, N. Y., Aug. 18.-The farmers as well as others hereabout love to go fishing, but they have been engaged in a kind of fishing for the past week or so that carries anything but pleasure with it. The stranger passing through this part of Chautauqua county will see many fine, odd-looking nets stretched here and there and everywhere in the fields, and when he is told that the owners of them are fishing for grasshoppers he is always surprised. He wouldn't be surprised, though, if he were one of the farmers. Within the past fortnight a plague of grasshoppers such as was never known in this part of the State has come upon this region. The pastures have been almost entirely destroyed by the greedy insects, and in scores of instances the farmers have been compelled to turn their cattle into the woods to browse. Those who have no woodland are feeding them from the folder they have stowed away for winter use. The grasshoppers eat everything that lies in their path. They have stacked the cornfields, and where they alight on one it is destroyed in a few hours. They are even stripping the trees and shrubbery of their foliage. In some pasture lots they have eaten the grass down to the roots. They come in clouds.

Every known device and method and many hoppers he is always surprised. He wouldn't

clouds.

Every known device and method and many that were never known have been tried in vain to get the better of the ravenous insects. The idea of netting them originated with the Laona farmers. They make nets of fine mesh out of thread and set them and drag them through the fields. This has caught and destroyed millions and millions of the grasshoppers, but they seem to be just as thick as ever. The situation to be just as thick as ever. The situation for miles, and the farmers are in despair.

Eleven Tanks Take Fire and Explode ta BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 18 .- A freight train on

the New York Central Railroad, consisting of sixty-eight cars, half of which were oil tanks, broke in two at 2 o'clock this morning in Cheektowaga, about a mile from the city line. The two parts of the train collided with great force, and one of the oil cars exploded, the oil having been ignited from the brakeman's lantern. The other oil cars caught fire in rapid succession, and there was a series of tremendons ex-plosions. One tank was blown fully 1.000 plosions. One tank was blown fully 1,000 feet. The train crew set about rescains the hox cars and succeeded in saving twenty, the others loaded with merchandise, being burned; but the recover. He was on top of a box car next to the first oil car that exploded. He was enveloped in the burning oil, and before he was rescand received serious burns. An oil tank was blown over a brick house. The house caught fire and was desired, All four of the Central's tracks were blocked and all the tolegraph wires throwndown.

Wrecking crews got the passenger tracks cleared by 8:10 o'clock, but it was after 10 when the first of the freight tracks was cleared. It is no one cars were granually burning thematics out. The burning oil spread to a sea of fire for hundreds of yards in the vicinity, and the ground was steeped of all vegetation. In all elected tanks explained. Some were verticable dynamics shalls, heavy becase of their from being burled fully a quarter of a mile. The loss to the Central is placed at \$100,000.

Disappointed in Love at 50

ITHACA, Aug. 18. H. K. Kramfield or Scrapton tried to commit suicide here on Thursday by taking a combination of laudanum and chloreform, but was saved by an antillote. Yesterday form, but was saved by an antiblete. Yesterday, he hired a rowboat, and half an heart afterward the boat was found deating on the lake empty. The paire are confident that he drowned himself. His age was about 50 years, its appointment in a love affair is at the bottom of the case. A woman to whom he was to have been married litted him on the eve of the expected westling.

Free on Application.

New York & London Electric Ass'n, W. W. Wosters Office, I was not been accepted as the state of the